The Sumter Banner.

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"God—and our Native Land."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Recollections of Mr. Calhoun.

The following article is from the pen of a young lady of Alabama, whose reminiscence will be read with all the more pleasure for the scarsecity of personal anecdotes of the great southerner:

It is a pleasant yet mournful occupation to recall the hours spent in the society of this great and pure statesman, and to dwell upon the impression made by his conversation and appearance. More particularly do I prize these memories since he is no longer among us, and I know the privilege of listening to him is never again to be enjoyed. Taught from childhood to admire, I might almost say worship his character as a statesman, the first time I beheld him is indelibly impressed upon my mind. The fame of an eloquent minister of the Gospel had drawn together the inhabitants of the little village of P. and the surrounding country. Glancing carelessly over the church, I was attracted by the striking appearance of a gentleman just then entering a pew near the one I occupied. His hair silvered by age, form erect, the penetrating glance of his grey eye, together with the thoughtful expression of his face, "marked him as no ordinary man." Ascertaining who he was, I could scarcely repress an exclamation of delight and surprise. The man I admired more than any living one was now before me. The remainder of the services were lost on me my attention was occupied in watching him. He joined in the services of the church with great devotion of manner and paid undivided attention to the sermon. In a short time my desire of approaching h[illegible] fied I rode to Fort Hill [illegible] a friend to return a call. Mrs. Calhoun, with old fashioned hospitality insisted that we should spend the day. To approach Mr. C. in a crowd, to speak to him then, I had anticipated; but to know him for the first time in his own home, to see him alone with his family, was a pleasure as unexpected as it was agreeable. No young person draws near to a great man for the first time without a feeling of awe. I longed for, yet dreaded Mr. C.'s appearance in the drawing room. When he entered, and I was presented to him, the simplicity of his manner, and pleasing, quiet conversation, soon assured me, and I felt perfectly at my ease. He was very agreeable to young people, entering into their amusements and occupations as if he felt and enjoyed them. With his sons his intercourse and influence were very happy. He treated their opinions with respect, at the same time correcting them when erroneous. One instance *I* remember. One of his sons, a thoughtless lad, who had already learned to pride himself upon belonging to the aristocracy of the State, where aristocracy of birth is prized more than in any other *State* in the Union, spoke of the impertinent curiosity and inquisitiveness of the lower class. "My son," remarked Mr. C., "you must not commence life with such wrong impressions. If you can give information to those who have not your advantages, give it gladly, and learn from them in return. Some of the best lessons of my life I have learned from those beneath me. If they have less education, they observe more closely than we do. I never meet a laboring man who seems disposed for conversation, but I listened to his remarks and ask him questions." —Turning over a portfolio of engravings for our amusement, Mr. C. held up to our gaze the most miserable daub in the way of a portrait *I* ever beheld. It was the head of a man, with fiery red hair, standing up as if each hair was electrified; eyes without expression, and mouth and nose unproportionate. "Do you think this a correct likeness?" he asked with a peculiar smile.

'I received this a few days since, with an accompanying letter requesting a lock of my hair, from a young lady who admires my character, and has had so many descriptions of me that she thinks she can paint a correct likeness of me. This is the result of her experiment.'

'Why did you not return it and inform her that it was unlike?' I asked.

'If this is her idea of beauty, and she attributes it to me, I prize it as such,' he replied. 'I wrote, thanking her and sent the hair.'

In the afternoon Mr. C., conducted us through his garden and orchard. He took much interest in agriculture, and had the most productive orchard and best regulated farm in the country. The day soon drew to a close. I shall ever regard it as one the most agreeable days of my life. I saw Mr. C., often afterwards, frequently in his own house, but never alone with his family. My admiration of him grew with my acquaintance. Never was man more beloved by those among whom he lived than he was. I visited them a short time after his death; a gloom of pervaded every household, for all felt they had lost a friend.

[*New York Times.*

Wolf Nurses.

THE story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf is accepted as fabulous; but the following statement is strictly true.

In the kingdom of Oude, some ten years ago, a male child of about eighteen months old was missed by its parents. It was supposed to have been carried away and devoured by the wolves, which are very plentiful in that part of the world.—Every winter numbers of children are destroyed by these animals, not only in Oude, but in our own provinces in the north-west.

About seven years after the child was missing, a man who gained his livelihood by shooting in the jungles saw a wolf and several cubs, and with them an animal such as he had never seen before. It was like a boy, but ran upon all fours. The man followed the animal, but was unable to keep pace with it; he traced it however, to a den, and a few days afterwards succeeded in taking the animal, alive. It barked, or rather snarled and growled like a wolf, and attempted to bite its captor. The she-wolf and her cubs followed the man for some distance, and several times showed [illegible] of a desire to rescue the animal; but, as the man was armed, they did not venture to attack him, and at last they returned to the jungle.

The animal was exhibited at Lucnow, and caused some sensation. It was eventually handed over to one of the authorities (an English officer) who had a cage made for it.—That it was a human being no one could doubt, though it never stood erect, and never uttered any sound except a growl, or a hoarse bark.—It refused every description of food that was cooked for it, and would only eat raw flesh, which it would devour voraciously. Clothes were made for it; but it tore them off with its teeth. A rank smell issued from the pores of its skin, and its skin was covered with short thin hair.—The smell was that of the wolf, by whom it had been brought up. It was very partial to hard bones, and would chew and digest them as a dog would. In a word this animal had adopted all the habits of its foster-mother—the she-wolf. Crowds of natives every day came to look at the strange creature, and at last the woman who had lost the child was among the spectators. By certain marks upon the animal she recognised in it her missing offspring; but she was by no means anxious to have it restored to her. On the contrary, she regarded it with extreme horror and disgust.

Every means were resorted to, to tame the boy; but without effect.—Shut up in his iron cage, he seemed to pine, and would never touch food until forced to do so by the pains of hunger. It would have been dangerous to let him go out of the cage; for he was as savage as any wild beast of the desert. Numerous attempts were made to teach him to speak; but he uttered no sounds beyond those already mentioned. He lived for about a year, and became in that time a perfect living skeleton. Just previous to his death he said a few words, which the man who had charge of him understood to be these, '*Seer durd kerta.*' (My head aches.)

This is not the only instance on record of a wolf having brought up a young child, whom it had carried away from its parents. Some fourteen months ago an animal was taken in the district of Mozuffernugger, and brought to the station of Meerut. It was a boy of about five years of age, and a more revolting sight it would be difficult to conceive. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet were as hard as the hoofs of a horse. His movements were as nimble as those of a monkey, and not unlike those of that animal. Several English dogs which saw this child shewed a disposition to attack and destroy it (this was, of course, prevented), while the child in return snarled at the dogs, and shewed its teeth, as though it were upon these weapons that it would rest its defence. This boy, too, like the one taken in Oude, refused to eat anything but animal food—uncooked; nor would it touch even that in the presence of a human being.

In the provinces subjected to British rule, a reward of 5 rupees (10 shillings) is given for every dead wolf, by the magistrate under orders from the Government. The natives, however, usually contrive to bring them alive to a station, where they allow gentlemen's dogs to worry them to death—for a consideration in money—previous to taking them to the magistrate and claiming the reward. The sport is no doubt a very cruel one—tied up as the wolf generally is—but people have little sympathy for a beast who will often enter the hut of a villager by night and carry away a child from its mother's side. These depredations have of late years become less frequent than they were formerly, and ere long, it is but reasonable to suppose, they will be of very rare occurrence—albeit the utter extinction of the race may be regarded as hopeless.

Singular Phenomenon.

Some months ago Mr. Nicholas [illegible] well, after excavating to the depth of about forty feet, and finding no water, determined to dig no deeper, as the space had already become so small that he was afraid, should he sink it deeper, that the sides would fall in, if he attempted to [illegible]. He accordingly abandoned it, throwing planks across the mouth to prevent accident, intending to fill it up again when he had leisure.

One day he heard a singular noise, which seemed to proceed from the well, and on going to it he discovered that it was caused by a heavy draft of air forcing itself up from the well. This continued for some days, when the current of air became reversed, and there was a strong draft downwards, so much so that light substances brought near the crevices in the planks were instantly drawn in. He then procured a piece of pump log, about two feet long, with an apparture of two inches in diameter, and inserted this firmly in one of the planks. The air as it forces itself into or out of this tube, makes a roaring sound which can be heard for nearly a mile. In fact, this well seems now to perform all the breathing functions of a huge pair of lungs, although the inhalation and exhalations continue for a much longer period than in any animal now known—as it is sometimes several days in drawing in its breath, and as long time in forcing it out.

The boys in the neighborhood often amuse themselves, while exhalation is going on, by pulling their caps over the end of the tube, to see them thrown several feet in the air. Another fact is, that the respiratory organs of this breathing monster seem to be entirely under the control of the atmosphere—so that, in addition to its other singularities, it acts the double part of thermometer and barometer. For some hours preceding a change from a lower to a higher degree of temperanae, the inhalations grow less and less, until it is finally imperceptible; then the air commences rushing out—the current growing stronger and stronger, until the weather has become settled, after which it again subsides to await another depression of the mercury, "to take in another breath."—*Cattaraugus Whig.*

A KENTUCY LAWYER'S APPEAL.—"The thunder roared, the moon rolled, the stars winked, the sky was a complete web—gentlemen of the jury—of darkling darkness on that night; and yet this man did, with malice aforethought, steal forth into the shades of a lonely farmer's house and then and there maliciously pisened his brindle yaller dog. Convict him and the prayers of a nation are yours!

The Wild Man Caught at Last.

It has been the custom with certain Arkansas editors, when they run out of the usual supply of "tremendous excitement," "horrid murders," "desperate affrays, &c. &c., to trump up the "wild man of the woods," and chase him round from one editorial to another, until he finally becomes lost amid the vast and impenetrable swamps that abound in these wild regions. Many were the strange and marvellous stories told about the modern Nebuchadnezzar, and while reading and publishing them from time to time, we little dreamed that we had a veritable wild man in our own populous county of Lauderdale, and within five miles of our quiet little village of Florence. Yet such has been the fact, and it now becomes our turn to tell a strange and wondrous tale, verifying the oft-repeated adage "truth is stranger than fiction."

Something over three years ago, a young man, apparently about 25 or 30 years of age, stopped at Bainbridge, a noted landing, situated at the foot of the Muscle Shoals in this county. He gave his name as Goins or Gorings from Knox co., East Tennessee. He came with a crowd of flat-boatmen who annually descend from the upper waters of the Tennessee, and tarry a season at the foot of the Shoals. Goins remained long after his migratory companions had all gone there way. His conduct was observed to be sometimes excentric though always quiet, taciturn, and approaching to melancholly.

After a time he took up his abode in one of those numerous caves which are found in the high and precipitous bluffs skirting along the Northern shore of the Tennessee river, from Shoal Creek to Florence. The one selected by this poor outcast was situated a few hundred yards from the ferry, and near the public road. He was often seen sitting at the mouth of his lonely rock, basking in the [illegible] an Autumnal sun. [illegible] proach, and many were [illegible] jeers cast upon him by [illegible]. Soon, however, he disap[illegible] all traces of him were [illegible] long years had passed away [illegible] long to be remembered [illegible] having wit[illegible] ed one, at least, of the most dreary protected and intensely severe winters that ever frosted the bottom of our earth.

One day last December, two men were hunting over the broken river hills attached to the plantation of Mr. J. Craig, and discovered Goins in the hollow of a large chestnut tree.—They knew him and conversed with him, but he obstinately resisted all persuasion to go home with them, and warned them against any attempt to coerce him. The men went home and reported their strange interview, and in company with several others, returned to the tree, but Goins had gone. They watched the place for several days but he never returned. They then procured a pack of hounds which had been trained to hunt fugitives, and scoured the hills.

The dogs soon struck upon a trail, and dashed off under full cry for more than two miles, to the North of Shoal Creek; but owing to the rugged character of the county, the horsemen could not keep up, and the fugitive was lost in the waters of Shoal Creek. All further pursuit was then abandoned, and many believed the whole story fabulous, until last Sunday week, a boy belonging to Mr. A. P. Neely reported to his master that he had seen a man upon the bluffs, near a noted cave on the plantation of Judge Posey.

Mr. Neely immediately collected a number of gentlemen and proceeded to the spot indicated. The day was one of the most inclement of the season. On nearing the mouth of the cave they discovered the shivering form of the poor wretch beneath a covering of straw. He paid no attention to their summons to come forth, and one of the company (thoughtlessly we hope) tossed in a dog which [illegible] sault brought the [illegible] to his feet.

He then came out in a state of most perfect nudity, presenting a picture of abject misery and squalid wretchedness which utterly beggars all description, and we shall not attempt it. He appeared perfectly sane but gave no satisfactory reason for his singular conduct beyond a general charge that the world had treated him badly, and he had determined to come out from it.—He protested that he had done no man harm, and begged to be allowed to continue his solitary life; but he finally agreed to go home with Mr. Estrange, which he did, and when we heard last of him he was suffering from a violent cold, contracted no doubt by his sudden change from a worse than savage to civilized life.

The long detained narrative which we have felt bound to give to this singular and extraordinary case, forbids our indulging in any of these moral reflections which it naturally suggests, and to which our feelings strongly incline us.

Whether this poor creature has been the victim of sin, of sorrow, or of madness, he has an equal claim upon our humanity and compassion. We mean to go and see him and write to his friends, (if he has any in East Tennessee) and beg them to come and reclaim him from his wandering life, and as he has not lived, may at least be permitted to "die among his kindred."

Florence Gazette.

Editors.

Editors are generally thought to be rather useful members of community, after all. It is something with them as it is with the camels of Arabia, that come laden with sweet spices, and receive only stripes and coarse fodder in return. Everybody loves to read the news, and shake his sides over some rich anecdote; but whether the editor gets paid for his trouble in supplying the intellectual treat, is one of the last things that disturbs the quiet of most readers. Editors must be the servants of everybody not only claims to be master, but a very severe master too, if the servants do not please in everything. News must come, at any rate; and so must anecdotes and witty sayings come, and something must come in every paper that will create a laugh and drive off the blues. If it be not so, "stop my paper" is the first salutation that reaches the poor editor's eye ear.

But how is all this to be done! News must exist before editors can get hold of it. And if anecdotes will not turn themselves up, who is to blame? Must the editors suffer because the world sometimes takes it into its head to lie down and take a nap. In this difficult state of things, when so many bricks are expected and no straw furnished, some editors have concluded with the [illegible] two evils [illegible] manufacture a few [illegible] daring robberies, [illegible] elopements, than to [illegible] stopped for the want [illegible] when such things will not [illegible] along in the natural course of things. Then steamboat disasters, railroad accidents, and camphene explosions all come in very naturally, when the editor gets the steam up feels in the vein of accommodating his gullible readers. There are a great many journals in this country that can do up this business to a charm, and the *thing* works well. But it is said that the Irish, who are a wide awake people, knock the Yankees entirely into the shade in the line of furnishing thrilling articles as occasion may call for them. The Irish papers give a never failing supply of laughable, humorous, and horribly interesting *facts.* It is but little consequence whether you know the pun or the murder was done by the editor or the person to whom he attributes it. His [illegible] is quite another thing. Here is the way it is sometimes done:

The editor is in the hotel. The printer's devil enters, exclaiming,

"They want a small paragraph to fill out the column, sir."

"How long?"

"Mr. —— says about ten lines, sir."

"Well, let me see—Oh! tell him to *burn a child to death at Waterford.*"

From the facility with which some of our American papers get up the horrible and the queer, we should think they were travelling rapidly in the footsteps of their illustrious Irish predecessors. But what would you have them do? They must either invent, or starve, they say, and come very near starving, at the best *O tempora! O mores!—Olive Branch!*

THE CLIMAX OF PENURY.—We remember an old lady who was so remarkably economical that she once had a pair of shoes made for little girl, without soles, for fear she would wear them out. This lady, however, was no match for Mr. Watson, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, of whom it is related that finding himself dying, he desired a friend to open for him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he wished to change his linen, and he so ill, he replied: "Because I am told that the shirt I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and that is good enough for her!" This was as bad as the woman who, with her last breath, blew out an inch of candle, "because," said she, "I can see to die in the dark."

Portland Transcript.

MAMA—"Why, my dearest Albert, what are you crying for ?—so good, two, as you have been all day !"

Spoiled Little Boy—"Boo-hoo !—I've eaten so—m-much b-beef and turkey, that I can't eat any *p-p-plum p-p-pudding* !"

Western editor says he heard a young lady at table ask for "hen fruit"—meaning eggs !

RAILROADS.—In a recent number of the Railroad Journal, we find some capital remarks on the advantages of railroads, which we extract:

"It is well known that upon the ordinary highways the economical limit to transportation is confined within a comparatively few miles, depending of course upon the kind of freight and character of the roads. Upon the average of such ways the cost of transportation is not far from fifteen cents per ton mile, which may be considered as a sufficiently correct estimate for an average of the country. Estimating at the same time the value of wheat at $1,50 per bushel, and corn 75 cents, and that 33 bushels of each are equal to a ton, the value of the former would be equal to its cost of transportation for 330 miles, and the latter 165 miles. At these respective distances from market neither of the above articles would have any commercial value, with only a common road as an avenue to market. But we find that we can move property upon railroads at the rate of one-fifth per ton per mile, or for one-tenth the cost upon the ordinary road These works, therefore, extend the economic limit of the cost of transportion of the above articles to 3,300 and 1,650 miles respectively. At the limit of the economical movement of these articles upon the common highway, by the use of railroads, wheat would be worth $44,50 and corn $22,27, which sums respectively would represent the actual increase of value created by the interposition of such a work.

"It will be seen that the value of lands is affected by railroads in the same ratio as their pro[illegible] For in[illegible] water course, or in the immediate vicinity of a market, may be worth, for the culture of wheat, $100. Let the average crop be 22 bushels to the acre, valued at $33, and the cost of cultivation at $15, this would leave $18 per acre as the nett profit. This quantity of wheat (two-thirds of a ton) could be transported 280 miles at a cost of one cent per mile, $3,30, which would leave $14,70 as the net profit of land at that distance from a market, when connected with it by a railroad. The value of the land, therefore—admitting the quality to be the same in both cases—would bear the same ratio to the assumed value of $100 as the value of its products, $14,70, does to $18, or $82 per acre—which is an actual creation of value to that amount, assuming the correctness of the premises. The same calculation may, of course, be applied with equal force to any kind and species of property.

We clip the following from the Chicago Journal, as to the arrangements of railways in England, some of which might be imitated with profit:

"The railways are well built, and the first class cars are good, though the second class are poor. Each apartment holds eight persons, and three apartments to each car. The engines are much lower than ours, and apparently more simple. The engineers have no covering, being exposed to the weather, and sometimes have to wear wire masks to protect their faces; baggage many times is put on the top of the passenger cars, and covered with canvass. When they connect cars they screw them together till the bumpers touch, which makes the train a solid body, and prevents that jolting which is often so unpleasant on our roads. The Great Western road has a seven foot track and a double track, which is usual on all roads. The carriage way is carried either under or over the track—this is required by law, and has to be taken into consideration in establishing the grade, and adds vastly to the expense; there are few curves or few grades—usually running very direct and very level. I have learned a fact that may prove interesting to our railroad men; that is, that they take the clay and make a layer about five inches thick, on the top of it is placed a layer of fine or waste coal about one inch thick, then another of clay, then another of coal, repeating to the height of about five feet. That is set on fire and burned about one week, when the clay becomes unformed brick, and is used for ballast on the road, and answers about as good a purpose as gravel—saving the expense of removing the clay and carting the gravel. It is also frequently done where there are slides of clay, burning a portion of an embankment which will stay the rest. This was new to me, though it may not be to your readers."

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESIDENT.—A correspondent in Washington furnishes us with an anecdote of Gen. Pierce, which will give our readers some idea of the man without the politician. A few days since the President appointed an individual to a responsible and lucrative office in a distant part of the country, on the recommendation of two of the United States Senators, and the Senate confirmed the appointment. This gratifying event produced an exhilarating effect upon the successful applicant for office, who so far forgot himself as to indulge in a 'glorious jollification.' As he was lodging at a fashionable hotel, his disgraceful conduct became known, and was freely commented on—indeed, it became the 'town talk.' The Senators who had recommended him to the favor of the President, finding that he had disgraced himself, and was unworthy of confidence, waited upon the President, stated the facts, and asked for his removal from office. 'Gentlemen,' said the President in reply, 'this man was nominated by me, on your recommendation, and at your solicitation, to an office under the government, and the nomination was confirmed by the Senate. You now say that his habits, are intemperate, and that he is unworthy of the situation. But if I were to remove him now, the consequence would be inevitable ruin to him. The shame and disappointment attending his dismiss[illegible] such circumstances, would lead him to find solace in the intoxicating bowl, and he would become a confirmed inebriate, whereas, if this conversation is repeated to him, he may and probably will reform, and become a sober and exemplary citizen. I shall *not* remove him from office for this offence—but this, as it has been the first, so it will be the last time I can forgive him.'—*Boston Journal.*

JOHN RANDOLPH OUTDONE.—Of the many amusing anecdotes of this eccentric man of Roanoke, we do not believing the following was ever in print:

He was through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted—during the mean time, he stopped during the night at inn near the forks of the road. The inn keeper was a fine old gentlemen, and no doubt of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which on being presented, was paid. The landlord still anxious to have some conversation with him began as follows:

"Which way are you travelling M. Randolph."

"Sir!" said Mr. Randolph with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, which way are you travelling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you any thing any more?"

"Well I'm going just where I please—do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise in a few minutes the servant returned asking for his master, which of the forks of the road to take; Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke to the top of his breath, "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent, just take which road please."

It is said that the air turned blue, with the curses of Randolph.

TELEGRAPHIC PRANKS.—In Boston they have a fire-alarm telegraph, which when connected, sets all the fire-bells ringing at one time. A day or two ago the wires of the Morse Telegraph from New York got in contact with the Fire Telegraph in Boston and instantly King's Chapel bells began strikeing fire at rapid rate, and the fire apparatus of this district were all drawn out before the cause was discovered.—Ringing Boston bells in New York city is rather a long bell rope to pull, but is a very striking illustration of magnetism annihilating space.